The Post-Workout Picture

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The Post-Workout Picture

by APastandFutureNerd

Summary

Hannibal sends Will a selfie after a workout at the gym. His hair is disheveled, his face is sweaty. The sight arouses Will. Unfortunately, Will is in the car with Jack and has the most awkward moment. To his surprise, Jack kind of understands when Will tells him what's up and allows him to relieve himself at a toilet booth of a gas station.

Notes

I herewith thank Mads Mikkelsen and his latest picture on his recovered Instagram channel for the inspiration! This fic wouldn't have come to life without him!

Source:

https://www.instagram.com/p/CXlnReDNRyI/?utm_medium=copy_link

If I don't post anything before the upcoming holidays anymore: I really hope you have some peaceful, invigorating holidays, if you celebrate Christmas, with lots of joy and love. If times are hard for you, and I understand because things are rough here as well, I send you all the hugs and love I can give 💜

[7:23] “Hello, darling. I miss you dearly even though you just departed this morning.For yours and my sake, I hope that the case will be solved soon. As for me, I started my day at the gym. Here’s a post-work out picture as a treat. I love you, Will. Take care of yourself and indulge if you can. Don’t allow Jack to lash out at you.”

Will smiles as he reads the sweet, thoughtful message of his lover. His breath hitches as he sees the picture of Hannibal in front of the gym. He stares and stares and soon realises the trap, be it an accident or not, that Hannibal set.

Oh shit.

His cock twitches and hardens as he takes in Hannibal’s sweaty face and the disheveled bangs hanging in front of his eyes. It also doesn’t help that Hannibal wears a post-sex expression with his half-closed eyes and the slightly opened mouth. Will forgets he isn’t alone; that he is in Jack’s car, in the passenger seat at the front. He lets out a moan and his breathing becomes more erratic.

Jack, who is in the driver’s seat, casts a dubious sideways glance at his protégée. He notices the flushed cheeks, the little moan and furrows his eyebrows. “Are you alright,Will? You are acting weird. Are you really sure the encephalitis thing is over?”

Will, who has lost himself in the scenario of his brain for some seconds and imagined how tightly the black shirt must cling to Hannibal’s body and expose his toned muscles, flushes deeply red like a schoolboy as Jack’s voice brings him back to the present. Well, fuck. He locks the phone and puts it away.

The younger man takes a deep breath and tries to subdue the erection in his pants. When Will feels ready, he tilts his head towards Jack again. “No…I’m fine, Jack,” Will says, trying to smile. “I’m not feverish.” Jack raises his eyebrows. “Will...I’m responsible for you and don’t want to have the same experience…”

At this point, Will decides that it’s the best thing to tell Jack a part of the truth. “No,no,no, Jack,” he interrupts him loudly. “Stop it!” A moment of surprised silence hangs in the air as Will realizes how loud his voice has been. The air brims with tension, similar to the electricity in the air before a thunderstorm. He steers his gaze towards the highway they’re rushing over and prepares for the worst.

Jack scowls and clenches his jaw. His finger grab the steering wheel harder than necessary. “Hannibal….err…he just sent me a picture of him covered in sweat after a workout at the gym ,” Will admits. Oops, too many details. He can’t take it back now, though. The shade of red on his cheeks deepens. “It…stirred something in me.” He holds his hands over his lap. Jack’s tension eases, but the moment after is awkward.

The boss of the Behavioral Science Unit shakes his head but the hint of an amused smile hangs on his lips. “For fuck’s sake, Will,” he finally says. “The two of you are quite kinky.” Will doesn’t know what to reply yet and waits for the bark he usually gets. “I’m happy for

you but please keep it professional and stay focussed later. I want this case to be wrapped up at the end of the week and off my table."

In order to change the lane, Jack looks over his shoulder, checks the side mirrors, sets the blinker and steers over to the upcoming exit leading to a gas station with a flamboyant red flat roof. Will's jaw drops. "Jack? What are you doing?" Jack doesn't respond and drives on. He looks at Will again when he has pulled into a parking space next to a truck and turned off the engine of the SUV. "Off you go."

"Relieve yourself, do what you must, then meet me at the diner. We still have some time." Will nods, unfastens the belt, gets out and heads towards the gas station, keeping his hands in front of his half-hard cock. The cold wind does nothing to cool the heat and desire to blow off some steam. Damn, he left this morning and he misses Hannibal already so much.

Once he has entered the toilet at the back of the gas station, the stench of urine greets him. He wrinkles his nose at the sight. It is a rather shoddy one with cracks in the mirrors over the sink, old faded tiles. He decides to use a toilet booth in case someone enters the room and takes the first. The hygiene isn't a lot better here but at least he has some privacy. It would have to do. Will fidgets with the lock until the locking mechanism is halfway down where it should. He stands in front of the toilet, opens the zipper, pulls out his cock, then rummages in his pocket to retrieve his phone.

Will unlocks the screen with his shaking right hand, then switches to the messenger and navigates to the chat with Hannibal. To have his hands free, he places the phone on the flush. He thinks of calling Hannibal for a raunchy phone sex call, then remembers that Jack is waiting for him. No time for sexting. Will lets out another sluttish noise and then wraps his left hand around his cock, stroking it slowly to full hardness.

Will's thoughts stray to a random scenario that the photo conjured up..

They're inside a public gym. He imagines finishing the last bit of the ab crunch exercise and glances up. Hannibal moves over from the opposite side towards him, His hair is disheveled, his face sweaty but carrying the expressions of post-orgasm bliss. A sultry, self-aware smile is plastered on his face. Will is taken away by the sore sight.

"Time for a little break. Would you care to join me?" Hannibal asks in his sultry, raspy voice. Will gladly accepts his hand and they walk down into the changing room of the public gym, earning a grin from the other training people. Once in there, the savage beast comes out and Hannibal presses him against the locker behind him, drawing him into a fervent kiss in an instant.

The air in the changing room is soon filled with hormones and sweat. Their tongues connect, then battle with each other again for the upper hand. They suck and bite; kiss turns rough. Hannibal's hands wander under his right shirt, tears it off and Will reciprocates by helping Hannibal out of his drenched shirt.

"God..Hannibal," he moans."You're gorgeous."

Their nipples harden as their upper bodies grind against each other. "Beautiful, precious, boy," Hannibal purrs into his left ear and then sucks at the lobe before his hands wander down to the pants and his underwear, yanking them down. Will steps out of the pile of pants and underwear.

"Are you up for a treat in the shower?" Hannibal breathes. "Or are you too tired, dearest?"

Will gives him a whispered "Yes"," his eyes glossy, his pupils dilated, and helps Hannibal to shed off his tight sportswear, too. Will's eyes roam over the sweaty, athletic body. Hannibal gives him a hungry , predatory look, too. With a swift movement of his strong arms, he yanks Will away from the locker, turns him around and steers him towards the shower.

Hannibal raises his left, veiny hand and spanks his naked ass cheeks, eliciting further moans from Will…

Back in the stinky toilet booth, Will slides his hands faster over his cock. He has to bite his lips to prevent another loud, whorish groan coming off him.

In the scenario, hot water rains down on their bodies. Hot vapor rises up in the shower. Hannibal has Will turned around, his legs spread a little. "Fuck me," Will grunts. Hannibal stays still, waiting for Will to address him correctly. "Pardon me?" "Please….Daddy…I want you inside me." Hannibal growls possessively, lubes his finger with shower gel and stretches him open with his fingers, before he leads his huge, thick cock to the entrance. Will feels the thick, long member breach his puckered entrance and wiggles in slight pain. "Stay still, boy." Hannibal's hand hits his ass again and he stays still. Once he is fully sheared within Will, he sets up a punishing pace and sinks his teeth into Will's right shoulder again.

The more he thinks of Hannibal overstimulating his prostate, the closer Will gets to his orgasm. While he can't scream in reality, he does that in the shower scenario.

He whines like a slut as Hannibal drills him relentlessly and keeps on spanking his thighs. "Good boy."

"Now come for me, my boy." Hannibal makes a particular hard thrust against his prostate and Will feels a tide dragging him under into the sea of euphoria. His legs grow wobbly and he falls into Hannibal's arms who catches him…

In reality, Will gasps loudly and spasms. The phone drops off the toilet flush as pressure builds up within his abdomen and the orgasm hits him. His eyes widen and he spills the load of semi-translucent cum into the stained urinal in front of him. He pants, waiting for the orgasm to abate.

After some moments of enjoying the serotonin and endorphins, Will let's put a sigh, cleans himself up and pulls up his underwear and pants. Then he picks up the phone which has a crack in the screen. He heaves another sigh. Hannibal wouldn't be pleased. It has once been a new iPhone.

Oh well. He would be bratty and demand a new one, perhaps. A smirk creeps on his lips at the thought of it. Hannibal would buy him anything if he just manipulated him with his

boyish charm. Will unlocks the door, goes to the sink, washes his hands and checks his appearance again.

He pushes the door open, walks over to the diner next to to the gas station. Jack was already standing in front of the entrance, constantly checking his phone. When Will approaches him, he looks up and puts it away.Jack gapes at him with amusement and reproach. “About time you came,” he said.

Will’s throat goes dry. Is Jack aware of the flirtatious tone in his voice and the sexual innuendo? Oh, well. “Sorry, Jack. I lost track of time.” “Never mind. Just as long as you’re grounded again. Let’s go inside,” Jack grumbles. His stomach makes a loud noise. Will smirks when he hears the loud rumble and follows Jack into the restaurant, figuring he’s hungry as well.

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